

NYE ON THE PANIC

He Gives a Nice, Wholesome Letter From Father to Son.

ANENT FINANCIAL MATTERS

Standing by Henry While the latter is Away From Home—About the Love of a Beautiful Girl.

(Copyright, 1903, by Edgar W. Nye.)

MY DEAR HENRY—Your kind letter came yesterday, and I got it when I went to bed. We had hoped your mother and me, that you would spend your vacation here at home with us this year in the mountains, but you seem to prefer your younger comrades from college, because they must of course just naturally know more than we old people here that has no advantage.



WITH ONE FEET THREE MAN.

You know just as well as I do, Henry, that I've stood by you and paid everything from having a dollar breakfast every to put on your eye whenever you get into trouble even to getting you properly married. I don't blame you, you know, that you accept hospitality from wealthy people to come and spend your summers with their sons, earning to smoke a big French briar pipe with a stem that makes a rising on your cheek, but in that part of your letter where you ask for more means you pierce me to the heart.

Could you not come home and spend your vacation where there's naught to make afraid—where we will give you your victuals and exercise for nothing? There with the wealthy, as you say, you have to spend some money to keep up your end of the bargain. Of course, if they ask you what you'll have, I'd like to have you ask them what they'll have. But now, honest, don't it look kind of scandalous for me and your mother to be here, year in and year out, eating plain victuals and wearing out your old clothes while you are having a sort of hilly-dilly time of it with the wealthy? Naturally you are a good, solid boy, and not bad looking nor bad behaved, and you've got good blood too.

What I mean by that is that you've got no inherited traits whatever. Your father never took a glass of liquor till he was one and twenty, and then purely by accident, and your mother's folks are all abstainers. I never see such moral people as they are. They never use tobacco in any form, and the only three times that I have taken liquor myself was when you were born, when your mother was declared in 1865, and when Sullivan was dragged by Carleton and then dropped out of the ring by the heels. I've had to take a year to convince your mother's folks that I was not continually under the influence of rum.

Your mother's family is so good that they'd be real good if they didn't know they were so damned good. But you must not try to be so good as they are. I have been happier and better since I gave it up. One day a great guy came to me. A fellow said inside of me: "Be of good cheer. You cannot be so good as your wife's folks. No man was ever so good as his wife's folks. Give it up. It will drive you to drink. Do the best you can, and, really, you will be surprised." So a great wave of peace seemed to settle down on me, and I am just about blessed.

All of our folks, though, have been plain, honest, hard to mouth people. You are the first one to go to college and find out the weak places in the Scriptures.

You are the smartest young man that we have seen in many of our monotonous generations, and know more about things when you was a freshman than any one in the whole history of our race, including your mother's folks, for quite a bunch of centuries. For 2,000 years we have called the whole a fish in our family, though there was three generations of whalers on my side and two on your mother's that didn't know any better.

You speak in your letter of two matters that are bothering you—first, the love of a very beautiful girl, whose daguer-type you inclose, and, second, the need of \$95 to buy a sewing machine with.

Possibly it would be as well to refer to the money matter first. You have a ways been frank with me, Henry, especially about money matters. That has made me much more than I otherwise would have done. So I will be frank with you. If you can get along without the sewing machine, I wish you would. I make no bones of telling you that times was never scarcer than at present.

Back after back departs. Who has not seen a hawk?

I have already begun to economize in every possible way. Last winter I went without an overcoat and wore your sweater to church. This summer I've worn your tennis cap when I went out anywhere, and it is not always appropriate. It looked odd on old man Taylor's coffin when I was a pallbearer last week, but I love to make sacrifices for my boy in order that he can get refined and materialized and graduated and hauled. All those things fit you in future life for keeping store and an inside job, whereas I have had to work in the hot sun and the frost for 50 years come April next.

The question of finance I have studied when time I've had this summer, and it's the fact that unless I can have silver certificates payable in one, two, three and four years your sewing machine is out of the question.

Here is the state of the country as I

get it laid down in the paper. I will write it to you: The consumption of silver by those who are wealthy has caused a shortage among those that is poor. This, with the export of gold at a time when the home demand has been something to make a person leave his job and has replaced for the circulating medium banks full of mortgages, trust deeds and snide watches on which banks cannot realize, and poor people that have been so honest that they have barely kept out of the shot house can't buy or beg or borrow of the banks that have loaned all their money on additions so far down town that a business man can only go out there on Sunday, and some has to take a vacation to get home if they live in an addition.

Also one paper goes on to say that the engorgement of the channels of trade with overproduction of unearned increments over the percentage of former years, and making the bimetallic and baser metals subservient to gold and the reserve of gold and paper money the general funeral of currency and noticeable hesitation of goods to go out during the season of mourning, together with shrinkage of values of things you have got, while things that you want real had become suddenly of great value, causes what you might call stagnation of satisfaction and a general revival of sadness in the souls of men.

That's the way I find it, and hence I say, let us think no more of the rowing machine. I find that the muscles called into play in hoeing corn are the same, and you get the exercise for the lower extremities also at the same price without wearing out the seat of your pants, which you now call trousers, I notice with great pain.

I wish that you would consider this matter in its true light, and if you could come home before the fall term begins you would get a glad welcome from the dog and your mother and me also. We miss you a great deal, but can see that you have sort of outgrown us and are easy in money, which I never was.

I can see how advanced you are and easy and comfortable, and you can sing college songs. Even if the president was in the room you would not give a damn. It must be pleasant to be that way, while I can't be comfortable in the room with a well dressed lightning rod man, and about all I can do when a fruit tree man comes and has confidence in himself is to sit there and crack my knuckles and buy a bunch of trees that I don't want.

Oh, I know that you are an ornament to the abode of wealth and that houses where you go and stay all night have hired men to pass the victuals that would make your poor old father mortified nearly to death with his inferiority and sweaty misery.

No young woman will ever be quite good enough to marry you without paying the difference. Your mother says that a wife suitable for you does not tread shoe leather, but goes barefoot along the parapets of the sky, and at night with her long white wings and plain bleached muslin robe soars away to her own little pigeon house in the sky.

That's your mother all over. She loves you more than any white flannel girl from Long Branch, Henry. She will love you even if you get to cutting up. She will love you, knowing that you ain't worth a cent, which it would be well to tell the sailor girl with the faraway look. Tell her right out flat footed that you lack a year of knowing anything, and that your mother is wearing your last year private theatrical clothes on cold days so that you can be warm and respectable.

Also find out if she is worthy. You need not inquire at the information window or look up her father's name on the judgment docket of his town, but just praise her among the other girls, and you'll find out things about her that will be a revelation to you. You know that Heine says, "Every man who marries is like the dog who weds the Adriatic sea," and that's a fact, too, Henry. She's a mystery. You may marry a calm depth of sun tipped ripples with pearls and treasure underneath, or you may catch a little squall or a big blast, while beneath is monsters with a giant pinch on every corner of them and sharks and dead men's bones.

The photograph shows a good looking girl who has got hold of the fact somehow herself. Such wives should marry a man with a lawn covered with bull dogs.

I know not what business you will adopt when you leave college, but if you marry a very beautiful girl you are liable to find a nude statue of her at the World's fair some time. It is only in novels, Henry, that you read of a man with a beautiful wife who does not divide her beauty between him and the public.

Lots of beautiful women are good, Henry, but I would not care to be the footman of a beautiful woman. In my palmy days I owned a handsome fast mare, and in our neighborhood I was known as the man that owned that mare. That was all. If I tried to harness her, she kicked nine kinds of talents out of me. Nobody knew my name, but they all knew where the mare lived, and sometimes they would ask me to show her to them, and they would admire and criticize her and give me 20 cents and go away.

The time to have your eyes open, says an able woman, is when you are going to marry. After that you may partially close them.

All these things, Henry, are in the way of advice from a middle aged man with iron gray whiskers, who has got what he knows by growing up on the north side of society, where it is chilly at times. I have been young, and now I am old, yet have I seen some strange incidents that give me experience. That experience is at your service, Henry. Please do not think that because I set on the grand jury with my son's sweater and knee pants and slapping shoes on that I am a fool. I am not. Do not think that because you are a little mullah at times that I am an ass. Ever your father,

Bill Nye

MONEY

MAKES MERRY MEN.

In view of this fact we kindly ask you to throw a passing glimpse into our corner window, in which we have on display a couple of bargains which you will greatly appreciate at the prices.



PRICES:

- 1 piece Cheval Suite, 18x18, bevel plate mirror, solid oak \$10.00
- 1 piece Dresser suite, 24x30, bevel plate mirror, solid oak 17.50
- 1 piece Dresser suite, 24x24, bevel plate mirror, antique finish 13.50
- 1 piece English Dresser Suite, fine antique oak finish 23.50
- 1 silk Tapestry or silk Plush Rocker, spring seat, oak polish finish 2.50
- 1 silk Tapestry or silk Plush Rocker, spring seat, oak polish finish 3.50
- 1 Chelan-jun Secreta y and Bookcase, solid oak polish finish 3.00
- 1 Solid Oak Center Table, square top, black, quarter sawed oak, polish finish 4.10

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The way to make it is to
Buy as cheap as you possibly can;
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This week a startling cut in prices will rule in each one of the numerous departments of our stores and such value will be given as will astonish.

Hot Weather Fabrics.

Will be sold at a great sacrifice in price to close out the several lines immediately. We will offer Bargains in Dress Gingham, Bargains in Apron Check Gingham.

- Bargains in Sateens.
- Bargains in Foulards.
- Bargains in Challies.
- Bargains in Tissues.
- Bargains in Nainsooks.
- Bargains in White Goods.
- Bargains in Wash Goods of every conceivable weave and style, including:
 - 10,000 yards Apron Check Gingham, worth 10c, at 6 1/2c a yard.
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 - Best styles French and Scotch Gingham, marked down from 25c to 15c a yard.

Ladies' Tea Gowns and Wrappers.

- Ladies' Calico Wrappers.
- Ladies' Cambric Wrappers.
- Ladies' White Wrappers.
- Ladies' Sateen Wrappers at irresistible prices.
- Ladies' Print Wrapper at 89c.
- Ladies' Calico Suit at \$1 and \$1.25.
- Ladies' Cambric Suits at \$1.49 and \$1.69.
- Ladies' Foulard Suits at \$1.89 and \$1.98.
- Ladies' White Muslin Wrappers reduced to \$1.39 and \$2.98.

As the season grows older the increased clippings in our Wash Goods departments make more

Remnants.

These will be marked at a small price and closed out at once.

COLORED DRESS GOODS, SILKS, BLACK DRESS GOODS.

You can select Silk for Dress or Trimmings this week at money-saving prices. Colored Dress Goods, worth 50c to 75c, will not stop here long at the price made on them. To go this week at 39c a yard.

We have just received a splendid invoice of Ladies' hand-made Mohair Shawls, black, white and cream. This week we will offer the following range of prices: 65c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.69, \$1.93, \$2.25 and \$2.50.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS

- Ladies' embroidered Handkerchiefs at 5c, worth 10c.
- Ladies' fine embroidered Handkerchiefs at 15c, worth 25c.
- Ladies' pure Silk Mitts marked down to 15c and 19c a pair.
- Ladies' Seamless Hose, worth 25c and 30c a pair, reduced to 19c.
- Ladies' superfine Hose, ranging in prices 45c to 1.00, reduced to 29c a pair.
- Ladies' Ribbed Vests, regular value 25c, at 19c.

- Ladies' Egyptian Ribbed Vests, regular selling price 50c, this week 39c.
- Children's Gingham Dresses, nicely made, at 21c.
- Gents' Handkerchiefs, plain white, hemstitched or colored borders, worth 10c to 15c, this week 5c.
- Gents' Seamless Hose reduced to three pair for 25c.
- We will offer tempting bargains in every department this week.

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70 AND 72 MONROE ST.